



KRS-ONE kristyles



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Do You Got It"

Turn it up now, it's yo' time (ha!)  
Thanks for yo' nickel and yo' dime (ha!)  
The Kris-Style will blow yo' mind (ha!)  
Let's get it started, RIGHT ON TIME (ha!)  
The elements, I represent all nine (ha!)  
I do the written or the freeflow rhyme (ha!)  
These rappers nowadays they be so blind (ha!)  
You lookin for the skill but you won't find (ha!)  
Real live skills I show mine (ha!)  
Whack rappers I'll pay them no mind (ha!)  
Improvement, they showin no sign (ha!)  
DJ's, I hang with the dope kind (ha!)  
All you cats, know meeeee (ha!)  
I'm not ashamed of who I beeee (ha!)  
I teach about G.O.Deeeeee (ha!)  
It's YOU that's frontin, not meeee (ha!)  
I keeps it bumpin in the C-L-U-B  
Eleven albums, what are you tellin me?  
I am B-L-E-S-S-E-D  
You are C-U-R-S-E-D  
I don't need radio (OR) TV  
All I wanna do is recite my poetry  
You hear somebody preachin, YEAH you know it's me  
You hear the t'cha speakin and yo, you gotta see  
"Criminal Minded," do you got it?

*[switching to a live performance]*

(Throw your hands up!) "Criminal Minded," do you got it?  
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)  
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)  
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)  
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)  
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)  
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)  
"Sex and Violence," do you got it? (uh)  
"Sex and Violence" - ooh they got it!  
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)  
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)  
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)  
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)  
"Spiritual Minded," do you got it? (huh?)  
"Spiritual Minded," do YOU got it?!  
(Alright, check it out..)

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Ya Feel Dat"

[Chorus]

Ya feel dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)  
Ya hear dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)  
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Could it be dat? (HO!)  
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Can you believe dat? (HO!)  
Ya hear dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)  
You believe dat? (HO!) You can feel dat (HO!)  
Ya follow dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)  
Ya see dat? (HO!)

Show me an MC that think he's too hot  
Bring him to KRS-One, I'll show him he's NOT  
Blowin the whole spot up when I spit up  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, when I walk past, get up  
My wrists ain't lit up! I don't even live that life  
Gold, diamonds, platinum, I give to my wife - you see  
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, not mine  
You got it, FINE - but what about that rhyme?  
Can you rhyme? Can you spit it quick  
like watermelon pits at a picnic? Ha!  
Or are you just dressed up with nowhere to go?  
Or is the record company the pimp and you the ho?  
LET'S GO!

[Chorus]

I write my own books like I write my own hooks  
Step in the spot and these rappers be so shook  
They don't look here cause KRS is BOOM!  
Platinum rappers be hidin out in they dressin rooms  
Yo, get away from me  
You got a million dollar video but I'M the one they wanna see  
The capital E-M-C-E-E  
A repitition of words, I been divorced Melodie  
I'm out, confident, no doubt  
I get what I gotta get when I spit I don't shout  
This New Yorker, Kris Parker's a quick talker  
You can get what I spit or get the klik-klocker  
Overseas I got the breeze as a hip-hopper  
Where they speak eat and drop the beats proper  
Street doctor, I'm (Brown) and (Foxy) like the (III Nana)  
Whoever you think is hot, I'm hotter

[Chorus]

RADIO! These suckers never play me  
or Chuck - but do you think we really give a...  
Southside, Westside, Eastside, North

I spit the hot flame, you get your flesh torn off  
I come from that place where you cats can't face  
Where cops can't chase or invade my space  
We turn up the bass, you tremble in the place  
Phones ain't traced and flows we don't waste  
Hoes we don't chase or kiss, they know they place  
with Kris or Christ, they'll lose their life  
You don't lose if you come in two's, you and a wife  
But you crews wanna be bruised, so choose your knife  
Choose your gat, choose your rat, when the smoke clears  
you'll be like, "God damn - who was that?"  
Loosen that noose around your neck and back  
Embarassin blacks, ain't no respect in that!

*[Chorus]*

Let's do it! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)  
Everybody up top! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)  
Yo, all my cats in the front! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)  
Yo, yo, all my cats in the back (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)  
Yo, we out!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Underground"

[Chorus]

What does it mean to be UNDERGROUND?  
It means you gotta be free to be UNDERGROUND  
Yo, you got your own key when you're UNDERGROUND  
If you're listening to me yo you UNDERGROUND

It's time that I open with a thunder sound  
Now look around your own town for the UNDERGROUND  
Yo, you rhymin for the TV, or a million CD's?  
You ain't a MC, you ain't UNDERGROUND  
You could be platinum or gold, hot or cold  
But it's the respect you hold that's UNDERGROUND  
When the critics don't get, that for the streets you spit it  
When your lyric they fear, that's UNDERGROUND

[Chorus]

Yo, white kids, black kids, skinny kids, fat kids  
Them Asian cats be UNDERGROUND  
Chicanos, Palestinians, Milanos, fuck the Lone Ranger  
Where's Tanto? That's UNDERGROUND  
Freddie Foxxx, Blackalicious, Kweli  
M.O.P., GangStarr that's UNDERGROUND  
Mad Lion, Smif-N-Wessun, Buckshot  
Armageddon T.S. that's UNDERGROUND, UHH!

[Chorus]

Yo, the t'cha returns, I told y'all I went to Cali to learn  
And that shit was UNDERGROUND  
If the cops be eyein you, cause survive is what you try to do  
Yo I'm wit you, you UNDERGROUND  
If it's justice you want, and you protest the ice they flaunt  
You want skills that's UNDERGROUND  
Yo it's not about a rugger rapper, or an actor  
It's about your subject matter that's UNDERGROUND  
LOOK!

[Chorus]

Chevonne Dean from Ruff Ryders, all the Outsiderz  
Young Zee, that's UNDERGROUND  
When all your money's spent, and you're still hangin on  
to 50 Cent (get it) you UNDERGROUND  
When you rep the collective consciousness of hip-hop  
Not hip-pop, you UNDERGROUND  
Yo it ain't about jewels, bitches and cars  
It's about Nas, that's UNDERGROUND, yo!

*[Chorus]*

To be underground simply means that you're down  
for the struggle, get 'em up, that's UNDERGROUND  
You could be a classy lady or a whore  
But if you protest the war, for sure, you UNDERGROUND  
If the government can't see you, or deceive you  
You love your people, believe you UNDERGROUND  
If you refuse to play the game, you go against the grain  
You ridin the train, you UNDERGROUND - get it!

*[Chorus]*

Yo, yo, that blast from the past, like Grandmaster Caz  
Bam and Flash, that's UNDERGROUND  
Doug E. Fresh, Lord Finesse, KRS  
If you listenin to this you UNDERGROUND  
Turn it up now KRS about to show you how  
They go wow, BLAOW for the UNDERGROUND  
Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, KRS, BDP  
Kenny P, that's UNDERGROUND - do it!

*[Chorus]*

(Alright!) Turn it up ah, turn it up ah  
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah  
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah  
Turn it up if you UNDERGROUND - LISTEN!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "How Bad Do You Want It"

[KRS]

Yo, my man, how bad do you want it?  
You know how many cats I threw the pitch, and they never caught it?  
I told them to bring they lyric, but they never brought it  
Scared to get ripped off, cheated, deleted, rejected and shorted?  
Yo, how bad do you want it?  
Fear I ain't got no time for it  
If you want it, yo there's the track put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]

This hunger inside of me's unexplainable, Kris  
The struggle we put in this box will be put into disc  
Birth and ever, these family problems is hurtin'  
Both of my sisters is pregnant, fuckin' feel like murkin'  
All I have is my word and my balls  
And my fam and my music speaks for them all  
It's the Dominican animal ready to damage, you puttin'  
Pressure to rappers that think they can challenge you, Kris (uh huh)  
We been through it all, the grimest days, this earth ain't  
Ready for my brain, comin' to face (word)  
Everyone plus everyone  
Do you hear me, KRS-One?

[KRS]

Well listen  
You grimy and hungry?  
But how long you gonn' trust me?  
You really down for this cause or just chasin' the money?  
I be up in them spots to be hot, so dusty and ugly  
Nothin' be funny, it's all dark, nothin' sunny  
Can you walk with me? Talk with me? Pop the cork with me?  
When we in other cities, will you rep New York with me? (yeah!)  
I need respect and honor  
Discipline and no drama  
How bad you want it, poppa? (with all my...)

[Peedo]

Loyalty is the key to it all (remember)  
Get used to my face, we the winners of all  
By mi gente, yo I go low to say-ah  
Real like them Washington Heights  
Niggaz there (say yeah!)

[KRS]

After you rap, will you stab my back? (never)  
You gimme a track, will you take that back? (never)  
I give the word, yo you bustin' your Gatt? (whatever)  
Respect from your crew? They livin' like that? (they better)

This is no game! Why should I make you popular?

You know I'm the philosoph

How bad do you want it?

How bad do you need it?

If you see it, you can believe it, perceive it, retrieve it and flaunt it

How bad do you want, doggone it, there's the track, if you want it

You got to put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]

How bad do I want it? I'm ready to die like Big

A serious man with blood in my eyes for this

Success doesn't come overnight

It's gonna be dark a while until I see light (that's right!)

What is it?

[KRS]

This is no game, why should I do it?

KRS-One, me and Peedo runnin' through it

I saw you down the street in FedEx

You said you had the beats was comin', like "I Got Next"

So we went upstairs, my man Choco hooked it up

This is KRS-One turn my voice up! Wha (wha-,wha-)

How bad do you want it?

How bad do you see it?

How bad do you hear it?

How bad do you BELIEVE you can be it?

If you doubt, then you're out

If you believe, you can achieve

I got the city on lock, but I'm gonna hand you the Keys like Alicia

You know my style, you know I'm the teacha

Philosophha, minister, emcee, Hiphop's spiritual leader

With the heater

You comin' with me? You runnin' with me?

In the spirit Scott LaRock, JMJ and Pun is with me

Yo, cats be steppin' to me ALL the time

With the rawest rhyme

But two weeks later, they fall to crime

If you listenin' to this song, and you want to be put on

You must be loyal to the cats that made you strong

It could be your friend, your father, you sister, your mother, your brother or some other

Just remember the days when YOU was under!

Before the Hummer, before the Benz

Before the hundreds, before the fifties, the twenties and tens

When you was thirsty, remember the living water, and who poured it

Now ask yourself, how bad do you want it?

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Ain't The Same"

You know it's Kris!

*[Chorus]*

It ain't the same now (it ain't the same)

They switched the game now (they switched up on us)

They talk 'bout chains now (bling bling)

Rims on the Range now

It's sounding plain now

Y'all rock the same style (sound of the mic)

I know the way how (I know)

Bring it back to one

It's supposed to be...

This is the way it's supposed to be

It's supposed to be like you more close to me

It's supposed to be about our families

It's supposed to be about avoiding catastrophe

But it's all about salary and flattery

Distrust, lust, hate and tragedy

It's supposed to be about you and me on the same route

Were you there in eighty-six when I first came out?

And you know about how they runnin' this game out

It's supposed to be about fun and getting' the pain out

But it's all about clout and poppin' them chains out

Instead of forgiveness, we poppin' they brains out

It's supposed to be about seekin' in the seek out

You witnessin' injustice, you got to speak out

If you claimin' you love this, you got to release doubt

Knowledge is what I'm all about

*[Chorus]*

Well it's supposed to be sunlight over me

Light over you, not you runnin' over me

It's supposed to be a two dollar royalty minimum

A Hiphop guild we got to begin buildin' 'em

It's supposed to be NO police brutality

And the fact that we tolerate that crap is insanity

It's supposed to be museums and archives

Where people can see the importance of OUR lives

But it ain't about any of this

Cats are trying to get that diamond-studded Rolex on they wrist

You hear a voice in the wilderness you know it's Kris

Higher consciousness lyrics, they will persist

But it's supposed to be about makin' it better

You see, Hiphop's not a product like pants or sweater

Go aheadóbe a hero, get your cheddar

Even y'all gonna see when you look back you remember that

*[Chorus]*

You can see in your heart how it's supposed to be  
You doin' your part, THAT'S how it's supposed to be  
Pursuin' your art, THAT'S how it's supposed to be  
Today you will start, THAT'S how it's supposed to be  
It shouldn't be about you movin' slowly  
Then talkin' junk when you don't even know me  
And you cats be pussy like Josie  
I (Touch) "50 MC's" like (Tony)  
Everybody in the hood ain't your homie  
I spit the truth, but I'm not the only  
There's plenty  
K-R-S-O-N-E

*[Chorus]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "It's All A Struggle"

[Chorus: KRS (guest)]

It's all a struggle (tryin to make it day to day)  
It's all a struggle (from my hood to around your way)  
It's all a struggle (single parents all by theyself)  
It's all a struggle (diseases decreasin your health)  
It's all a struggle (fiends swearin that's they last puff)  
It's all a struggle (hustler tryin to avoid handcuffs)  
(No matter what you do, who you are or where you from)  
(Rich poor black white, at the end of the day)

It's all a struggle - and most people's struggles are doubled  
You ain't the only one with a challenge facin some trouble  
Look at the woman chewed up by the dog with no muzzle  
Or the workers that got trapped underground in that tunnel  
Some kids are playin in pools, others in puddles  
When they listen to the news the propoganda is subtle  
But it's time for you to know that the cryin got to go  
Release the guilt that you built and let it flow  
Slow and low, that is the tempo  
Move slow and on the low, this you gotta know  
You don't get the muscles without the hard struggles  
You ain't the only one out here tryin to get dough  
From the hustler to the preacher to the government leaders  
From the airline pilot to the chef to the teachers  
We linked in the same huddle, in the same tussle'n'bustle  
Cause at the end of the day, it's all a struggle

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle - but don't let the challenges bug you  
Or the government drug you, or the thieves in the street  
beat and mug you - build your tunnel under the rubble  
Come up on the other side eye to eye with the trouble  
Look at the Twin Towers crumble  
Look at the religious leadership stumble, everybody struggles  
But not everybody comes through nifty, it's fifty/fifty  
The city itself will outrun you quickly  
Whether you be healthy or sickly  
Whether you be wealthy or thrifty, ugly or pretty  
Everybody's tryin to get 50's and 100's  
I taught this at UCLA just off Sunset  
Now run get "Ruminations"  
It's a book that I published for the healing of this nation  
In just a few chapters we run through, some possible solutions  
Cause at the end of the day

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "What Else Happened"

[KRS-One (voices)]

There once was a dreamer named Peter (what else happened?)  
Peter was also known as SKeeter (what else happened?)  
Peter had sex with Anita (what else happened?)  
Anita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)  
Peter wasn't just with Anita (what else happened?)  
Peter knew this girl named Rita (what else happened?)  
Peter had sex with Rita (what else happened?)  
Rita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)  
Now TWO girls are pregnant by Peter (what else happened?)  
But Rita doesn't know of Anita (what else happened?)  
And Anita, doesn't know Rita (what else happened?)  
The two of them, only know Peter (what else happened?)  
Now Peter's at the mall with Anita (what else happened?)  
You know, he runs into Rita (what else happened?)  
Well Rita takes a look at Anita (what else happened?)  
And Anita takes a good look at Rita (what else happened?)  
Well Rita starts to pull out the heater (what else happened?)  
The heater now is pointed at Peter (what else happened?)  
Anita jumps right on Rita (what else happened?)  
Rita busts shots at Anita (what else happened?)  
Rita missed Anita by meters (what else happened?)  
But Rita's bustin shots at Peter! (What else happened?)  
Just then somebody shook Peter (what else happened?)  
Yo how many spoons of the dairy creamer? (What else happened?)  
It's Keisha sayin WAKE UP PETER (what else happened?)  
That's why they call you the dreamer (Now that's happenin!)

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Somebody"

Oh, do it now, oh, do it now

Yeah, we celebrate diversity in the university

Everybody can't be a queen, everybody can't be a ho and a bitch (Ha ha)

Everybody can't be a philosopher

Some of y'all gotta load up the clip

Word up, watch this

It goes 1, 2, 3 we the best

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS

You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest

You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed

KRS with the sound for the east and the west

Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest

Somebody gotta be fresh

Somebody gotta be wack

Somebody gotta be the Mc

Somebody gotta do the rap

Somebody gotta be smart

Somebody gotta do that

Somebody gotta do art

Somebody gotta be black

Somebody gotta have heart

Somebody gotta be white

Somebody gotta do their part

Somebody gotta be bright

Somebody gotta be up

Somebody gotta be down

Somebody gotta be the teacher

Somebody gotta be the clown

Somebody gotta be lost

Somebody gotta be found

Somebody gotta be in the economy making the money go round

Somebody gotta be the president

Somebody gotta get down

Somebody gotta be hesitant

Somebody gotta be relevant

Somebody gotta be celibate

Somebody gotta be having their sex in a sex for the hell of it

Somebody gotta be intelligent

Somebody gotta be illiterate

Somebody gotta go all the way

Somebody gotta go a little bit

Somebody gotta be an idiot

Somebody gotta be belligerent

Somebody gotta be hip hop

Cause somebody else is living it

Somebody gotta be spitting it

Somebody gotta be ignorant

Somebody gotta be holy  
But somebody gotta have sin in it  
    Somebody gotta be losing it  
    Somebody gotta be winning it  
Somebody gotta be flippin' the style I'm kicking just a little bit  
    Somebody gotta be into it  
    Somebody gotta be out of it  
    Somebody gotta be up for it  
    Somebody gotta be doubtin' it  
    Somebody gotta be running it  
    Somebody gotta be all that  
Somebody don't even known that  
Somebody gotta come right here  
    Somebody else gotta go back  
    Somebody gotta be scheming  
    Somebody gotta be a witness

Somebody gotta be seeing in the meaning is different  
Somebody else gotta be somebody, for some else to be somebody  
    Somebody else to run into to wealth, to try to create one body  
        One aim, one GOD, one destiny  
I'm not non-violent, you can back up off of me  
    I sip my tea, and cock back three  
    One for Tiny Tim, Mr.Walt, and Evil Dee  
    I hope you all see, the need for unity  
    I'll never stop speaking about Marcus Garvey  
        Kwame Ture or Malcolm X all day  
        Black leadership today is all play  
        Y'all play, y'all immature black behavior  
            IS worse than being a trader

Do on to others, as you would have done do to your neighbor  
    Big up to my philosophy majors  
    Free Mumia Abu-Jamal from the cages  
    We writes the pages and teach all ages  
        Justice, tell me what we want now  
        Justice, for Mumia Abu-Jamal  
        Or justice for Amado Dialo  
    Justice, there is no peace without (Justice)  
        All dem mercy, now watch this  
            I sing, 1,2,3 we the best

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS  
    You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest  
    You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed  
        KRS with the new sound for the eat and the west  
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest  
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest  
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest  
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no  
            follow no...

Follow no beast, on a quest  
    Do you hear me?  
Follow no beast, on a quest  
    Word

Hip Hop ya don't stop  
Tiny Tim ya don't stop  
KRS ya don't stop  
Get by us

# KRS-One Lyrics

"Survivin"

(feat. Tekitha)

[KRS-One] Yeah, all my fathers

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Uh.. uh, word

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin

[KRS-One] Uh.. hold your head up!

[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 1: uncredited - possibly Shuman]

Yo, time to do what we gotta do

These days, livin ain't true, but I ain't mad at you

I don't got time for the stress and the nonsense

So I try to stay blessed, but it's all tense

When I awake, feel the sun on my right side

It make me wanna grab a gun and change my lifestyle

But it only goes so far, so live it up

Or realize what you know star, and give it up

Or either switch it up, gotta keep reppin on

And lookin out for our kids, like the rest of [?]

Now I know how it is, and what you're handin me

So I can calculate the right moves for my family, yo

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[KRS-One] Keep on!

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin

[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon!

[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin

[KRS-One] C'mon, that's right

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion

[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin

[KRS-One] Word up!

[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

C'mon, let's do this

When it comes to the cash, we ain't equal

Rich man, poor man, poverty defeats you

Where my people? Yo, Kris see you

There's only one of you, that's why you gotta be you

Them others be see-through, flashin and flossin

Me I'm with Inebriated Beats in Boston

Strivin, survivin, we get cash often

But do you really know what daycare be costin?

All my fathers, all my mothers

All my sisters, all my brothers

Hold your head up and teach them younger cats

It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at!

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion  
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin  
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion  
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 3: uncredited - possibly Priest]  
Now see I'm livin just to die without most any reason  
So I keep on chasin paper 'til it's time to go  
But should I really go for mine and put the clip all in the 9  
Or stay at the 9 to 5 a day I just don't know  
But a brother got a daughter I gotta support her  
Caught up in the system inside a order, man I can't afford  
a kitted Escalade, or bling bling  
And so I gotta keep survivin, is the song that I keep singin  
I try to keep my head off the floor, the country's goin to war  
While Bush is givin dough to NASA and ain't feedin the poor  
But I keep love over these beats, these beats keep me alive  
Alive, I got to stay the Priest, I will survive y'all

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion  
[KRS-One] Uh, word  
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin  
[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon.. SURVIVIN  
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion  
[KRS-One] Uhh! Keep your head up, word!  
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin  
[KRS-One] C'mon, uhh.. SURVIVIN  
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion  
[KRS-One] Uh  
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin  
[KRS-One] Word! Uh-huh  
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion  
[KRS-One] Uh.. ALL MY FATHERS  
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin  
[KRS-One] Word!

[KRS-One]  
Sadat X, is down wit us  
Stud Doogie, is down wit us  
Lord Jamar, down wit us  
Alamo, you down wit us  
Grand Puba, down wit us  
Brand Nubian, down wit us  
Shuman, you down wit us  
Yo Priest, you down wit us  
Marlo, you down wit us  
Choco, you down wit us  
Vangod[?], you down wit us  
Desmond Terrow[?], you down wit us  
Cliff Cultrary[?], you down wit us  
Yo Tekitha, you down wit us

Aiyyo RZA, you down wit us  
The whole Wu-Tang, is down wit us  
Makin funky music is a must!  
Makin funky music is a must!

*[sampled:] "One For All.. All.. All.." [repeats to fade]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Things Will Change"

Hands in the air! [X4]

Good looking, word...  
DJ Revolution, word up...  
Let's do this, kid...  
Here we go!

*[Chorus]*

A good time, a good vibe, and a house with a court  
Good life, good wife, a little food for thought  
I need (I need) food, clothes, and a whip with rims  
I need God in my life  
I need family and friends  
(I need) money, power, respect, I need love  
I need world peace, homeless to eat, no drugs  
I need every race and creed to be one  
Every nation, every face and seed to see sun

You need to listen to this  
You need to listen to Kris  
You need to have peace at least  
You need spiritual bliss  
You need a lyrical twist  
Do you know what a miracle is?  
Before we begin, you may need a kiss  
I suggest either one from J to O-one from the lips  
Either way what I'm saying, yo, is bound to uplift  
You need checks, you need cash  
You need intellect  
You need to be moving fast  
You need that big respect  
You need to be rolling in a car  
Going to a bar that's far  
Makin' the deal to make you a star  
You need to ask yourself, now do you know who you are?  
Where you goin'? How many steps you took so far?  
You need patience, you need to control your mind  
If you read and don't act, then you're wasting your time  
We need better leaders, we need better preachers  
We need a three-thousand dollar raise to all teachers

*[Chorus]*

You need some meditation  
You need rejuvenation  
You need assistance right now with your situation  
You need some contemplation  
You need a combination

A combination of will power and concentration  
You need some syncopation  
With regular relaxation  
But you can't, 'cause you runnin' and racin' and chasin'  
You need to slow down, maybe you should speed up  
One sayin' "lay down," the other's sayin' "leap up"  
You gotta keep up  
I suggest you start to speak up  
A lawyer, a doctor, a rapperóyou wanna be what?  
Whatever it is, you gotta visualize  
You need to focus for real, and stop livin' them lies  
The time you givin' them guys  
You could be workin' upon the goal you hold  
Yo, you must realize  
Yo, you need to be wise  
Yo, you need to be alive, there could be no revenge or deceit in your eyes  
Rise!

*[Chorus]*

Gimme what I need  
Do it with speed  
Change the situation around, plant new seeds!  
I roll with a righteous team of adults  
Forget the insults  
We plan to get results  
You can call us a cult, you can call us a gang  
But when it comes to Hiphop, no, you cats can't hang  
When the Gatts go bang  
And the telephone rang  
Telling you to come to identify the remains  
That's when you feel the pain  
And my name comes as comfort, ease and all stress and strain  
You need to know the game  
You need to know the meaning of your own name  
Reprogram your own brain  
Ask questions with no shame  
How you think you gonna master your craft if you don't train?  
Perfecting your skill, that's the aim  
Perfect your skill, and you'll always have money and fame  
C'mon!

*[Chorus]*

What I, uhh, what I need  
(House on the hill)  
That's what I need  
(Cash credit on my bill)  
That's what I need  
(All my dreams fulfilled)  
That's what I need  
(New whip that I can wheel)  
What I need

(With the chromed out grill)  
Uh huh, that's what I need  
(And the girl that can chill)  
That's what I need  
(And my spirit all healed)  
That's what I need  
(That's what I need)  
That's what I need  
That's what I need  
(That's what I need)

*[fade]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The Movement"

Where the real at!

Where the real at!

Yeah!

Yo

Where I come from gats bust for nothin'

Thugs, ministers, cops, teachers, all be hustlin'

Your family's the only one ya trustin'

Clubs be jumpin', redesigned cars be bumpin'

Now there's ranks supreme KRS is a free man

In Hip-Hop culture, I'm like Allen Greenspan

I tell the culture what's hot and what's not

Now look who's on top and look whose shit just dropped

We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants

We emcees we go straight to the club and hurt shit

### [Hook]

New York, New Jers', Boston, COME ON!

California, D.C., Baltimore, COME ON!

Texas, Atlanta, New Orleans, COME ON!

Philly to Chicago, Carolinas, COME ON!

Memphis to Nashville, Colorado, COME ON!

Detroit to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, COME ON!

Seattle to Miami, Arizona, COME ON!

San Fran', Oakland, Hip-Hop, COME ON!

Down to the spot this is real Hip-Hop

Join this movement; them other cats steal a lot

You can feel the knowledge of self or feel this glock

I'm authentic, KRS I'm really hot

Yo, what up Fat Joe that's my nigga for life

Remember when Pun fell off the stage, right on my wife

In the Bronx, we all laugh about it today

What up Freddie Fox, 2 Glocks, Pik and Spay

Dr.Dre all day, both of them

Dr.Dre with Ed Lover and the one with Eminem

This a movement, all over the world we reach

I can prove it, all over the world I teach

You hear that Dr.King, "I Have A Dream" speech a lot

But no where is it manifested but in Hip-Hop

While them other cats be lookin' for a radio song

I'm in Washington Heights, puttin' them Dominicans on

You can feel it I'm strong, I last longer lets do it

You want the real Hip-Hop well join this movement

We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants

We emcees we go to the club and straight hurt shit

### [Hook]

Utah, Minnesota, Mexico, COME ON!  
V.A., Arkansas, Portland, COME ON!  
Indiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, COME ON!  
East St.Louis, Milwaukee man, COME ON!  
Montreal, Toronto, Canada, COME ON!  
East Coast, West Coast, Dirty South, COME ON!  
Mid-West, Bible Belt, Up-Top, COME ON!  
Hip-Hop, COME ON!  
Hip-Hop, COME ON!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Gunned' Em Down"

Uh-huh! Y'all forgot about this shit right? Haha

Haha, TURN THE RADIO OFF!!

Word! Yeah, whatup Choco? Haha

Yo turn it around for me one time

Uhh, uhh, yo

I don't despise thugs, I (ADVISE) thugs

I teach y'all thugs, cause that's what I was

Yeah I say was cause today I'm above

All the guns, illegal funds, the crews and the drugs

ANY HOOD I walk in, they show me love

They say 'Knowledge Reigns Supreme, WHATTUP CUZ?'

Cops wanna get sit down and get all bud

They wanna think as they drink drink down to the suds

I respect it, but I don't get down with the fuzz

I don't drink with DT's I don't hang with the judge

But truth be truth and I got the proof

Most ministers were straight thugged out in they youth

See if you're over 25 and you never got live

when it was time to ride, you ain't got no heart

But if you're over 26 and you're still in the mix

and your life you ain't fixed, you ain't doin your part

You see them cats on TV, playin the role?

Gassin y'all, them cats be over thirty years old!

Actin all dirty and cold

NONE OF MY CLASSIC ALBUMS they was worthy to hold

I'm concerned with the soul, overstand?

When we was slappin up rappers they was doin the running man

You don't know my style, we be straight gunnin man

If you don't know you better ask your older brother man

Shit gets realer than, Real TV

From eighty-six, ain't no rapper realer than me

Or Just-Ice, I.C.U. or Steady B

What y'all waitin to see? Somethin faker than me?

Don't let me have to pull out the Jamaican in me

I'd rather pull out the asalaam alaikum in me

Wa-alaikum salaam, yo you wan' tess de Don?

BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW-BLOAW-BLAOW, bwoy gone!

### [Chorus]

They don't really wanna learn - well start gunnin 'em down!

Yo they really ain't concerned - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't wanna get the book - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't want a conscious hook - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't wanna pay dues - well start gunnin 'em down!

They be actin brand new - well start gunnin 'em down!

They don't wanna get the light - well start gunnin 'em down!

Yo, pass me the mic - we'll start gunnin 'em down!

Watch dis! Your crew is my crew and my crew is my crew  
Your crew you lied to, my crew will find you  
The light I recite will blind and outshine you  
Street cats be wonderin why they even signed you  
Where they find you? WHO is the first cat to rap  
"wa-da-da-ding" and show you what the nine do?  
You ain't never seen me behave with them firearms  
Maybe not, cause you just a slave to Viacom  
Me, I'm a free MC hip-hopper  
I teach real gangsters, hang with real Godsters  
I am to hip-hop what Selassie is to rastas  
Watch your mouth before someone I don't know pops ya  
Lemme stop, don't-a-stop the street rhetorhic, ha  
Your soul you sellin it ha, come wit some better shit, ha  
In five years your whole catalogue's irrelevant ha  
You spit the ignorance while I spit intelligence  
You got it backwards like sayin hop-hip  
That's why when you battled your whole crew got ripped!

*[needle drags across record]* You wanna battle?

*[Chorus]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Philosophical"

Yo turn me up just a bit, so I can hear it and spit  
Reverse spit, and get tips, rehearse a hit and take tricks  
Research the art just a bit, don't let me start I won't quit  
But if I start I'ma flip, just like I'm startin the whip  
Puttin the key into it, mentally seein it  
G.O.D. believin in it, I get a fee when I spit  
C-L-U-B's I just rip, I'm lyrically well equipped  
Over the beats and the mix, I keep the streets in a fit  
When it comes to lyrical spit, I'm the t'cha of it  
Higher consciousness, truth, I'll be reachin for it  
Metaphysics, here's an example cause I'm speakin of it  
Put your hands in the air, but you must be aware  
That even if your hands are down, ain't they still in the air?  
I be takin you all the way down the road, takin you there  
I'm livin and givin just a smidgen of what I share  
The style that I'm kickin, lyric lickings from over there  
We rockin forever, we get better with every year  
With letters and intercessors I sever every fear  
Lookin here, like UPS KRS takes it there  
Let's make it clear, thought waves go through the air  
You can act like you busy or you dizzy or you don't care  
But listen here, everybody got a fear  
An insecurity, some type of thing they gotta clear  
So that's when I, reappear, from the rear  
Philosopher, follow the bright light to right here  
I might wear, light gear  
Appear when you least expect it, tellin you now how to fight fear  
With faith, you hear the bass, well clear the waste  
You gotta get the negative cats out your face  
Get that irrelevant crap out your space  
Conceive it believe it decree it achieve it with HASTE!

### [Chorus]

Nuttin in the world is impossible  
Listen to the shit that I drop on you  
KRS-One, philosophical  
Believe and achieve what you got to do

We rawwwwwwkk, we don't stop  
Hip-Hooooooooop, we don't stop  
Tick-toooooock, we don't stop  
We at the top we never drop cause true hip-hop is so hot  
Some people thuggin, some be pimpin, I be teachin a lot  
I be teachin about the meaning of a deeper hip-hop  
That don't make me any better than a thief or a cop  
All I know is when I flow, the people be shocked  
You don't really want the teacher to come step on your block  
With my whole glock takin everything that you've got

I'm a different type of deeper intellectual rock  
For when you really wanna compete and get up off your block  
    You are not just doin hip-hop, you +ARE+ hip-hop  
    Like if you have a badge and a gun, you ARE the cop  
    Like if you practice medicine, you ARE the doc  
    You just forgot rappers rap about cars a lot  
    And the magazines worry about stars a lot  
But I'm the sun and they avoid me BECAUSE I'm hot  
    The orthodox hip-hop is sure to rock  
With or without a video, I'm leavin 'em all in shock, OHH!

*[Chorus - repeat 4X]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "9 Elements"

Well my ladies and gentlemen  
This is a rapsession and my name is "KRS-One!"  
And when I talk about "Hip-Hop Music!", I know

One: Breaking or breakdancing  
Rally b-boying, freestyle or streetdancin'  
Two: MC'ing or rap  
Divine speech what I'm doing right now no act  
Three: Grafitti art or burning bombin'  
Taggin', writin', now you're learning! uh!  
Four: DJ'ing, we ain't playing!  
*[scratch]* You know what I'm saying!  
Five: Beatboxing  
Give me a *[beatboxin]* Yes and we rockin'  
Six: Street fashion, lookin' fly  
Catchin' the eye while them cats walk on by  
Seven: Street language, our verbal communication  
Our codes throughout the nation  
Eight: Street knowledge, common sense  
The wisdom of the elders from way back whence  
Nine: Street entrepreneur realism  
No job, just get up call 'em and get 'em

Here's how I'm tellin' it, all 9 Elements  
We stand in love, no we're never failing it  
Intelligent? No doubt  
Hip-Hop? We're not selling it out, we're just lettin' it out  
If you're checkin' us out this hour, we teatchin' hip-hop  
Holy integrated people have it, I'm the present power!

Rap is something you do!  
3x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*  
Rap is something you do!  
Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

Skaters, BMX-bike riders rock  
Don't you ever stop! You are hip-hop  
You doing the same things we did on our block in the suburbs  
You know you be packing that black block  
Selling that crackrock and ecstacy  
Gettin' pissydrunk, fallin' out next to me  
But like I told those in the ghettos  
Here's the facts! True hip-hop is so much more than that  
Some much more than rap, so much more than beats  
Hip-hop is all about victory over the streets  
What you see on TV is a lie  
That's not something you wanna live or pattern your life by  
But, huh that's too much preachin' ain't it?

You don't want the ?education/[?], you wanna be dead on the pavement

Well, so be it, some of ya'll ain't gonna see it

Others wanna enslave your mind! Kris wanna free it!

*[Chorus]*

Rap is something you do!

5x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

"Oh yea" *[scratched]* - From "P is dead"

"I have spent my whole life livin'", "talk to the fullest", "no doubt"

You know that's why these rappers can't hang

Cause the essence of hip-hop is not a material thang

They so careless, hip-hop is in a [?] we give

Rap we do, hip-hop we live

How many times I gotta say it? How the radio ain't gonna play it

And you hip-hoppers sit back and okay it

Think about it! (think about it)

The present course of action, we have got to reroute it!

*[Chorus: repeat 3X]*

Hip-Hop is something you live!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Alright With Me"

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

The Kristyles is officially on blast

Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last

If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class

I write albums like singles and release them so fast

I get around the whole country on foot like Flash

I don't fly across country I be there with the mass

Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot

You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."

I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know

how fast I be movin when they be movin slow

This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go

This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow

Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho

Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe

(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show

with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit

When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique

Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way

I spat that your rap's not dope any way

When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope

I split that and spit that unanimous quote

No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk

They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope

Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells

For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales

Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it

Every thing you did I already did it

*[Chorus]*

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

Too many emcees not enough time

nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme

Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime

Three out of four say they wit it but they not

Two out of five spit fire plus the underground

One out of three spit righteous but they never shine

One out of two claim they ballin all the time

And only one make it to prime

Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z

one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady

One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one Love, only one me

Take that TNT, that spit is my property

You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

*[Chorus]*

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The Only One"

In case you ain't know, check it  
Let me tell you right not and the whole world  
You are the only one

I saw them guys you were with  
I don't flash platinum watches and drop-top whips  
But you can rest assure you're my perfect fit  
Every dollar that we get, we be earning it  
Yo, you never have to worry about me taking a trip  
Or leaving you at home so I can quickly forget  
Yo, with me it's the opposite, you swerve the jeep  
You the queen of your house, you earn your keep  
And I respect that, in high school we both got left back  
We both were divorced and had setbacks  
But you should never let that depress you  
God has blessed you  
Yo, here's what KRS do  
Support your goals, keep you warm when it's cold  
It ain't about now it's about when we get old

[Chorus 2x]

Let me tell you right now and the whole world  
You are the only one  
In my heart you are that number one girl  
You are the one (one, one, one)  
Even when your hair ain't done with no curl  
You are the only one (one, one, one)

Crazy why love making we already did  
Shit, that's why we got four kids  
Romantic, our parenthood we planned it  
On the queue two to England, cross the Atlantic  
Respect, you don't have to demand  
It's like you got the perfect husband and your friends cant stand it  
Especially when I watch the kids  
And when you come home I ain't trying to find out what you did  
It flips theirs leave, 'cause they looking for the player  
A little boy trying to pay theirs cell phones and pagers  
But with me you living with the savior  
We be up in the temple of hip-hop, or chilling with the mayor  
I thank the creator  
We don't need what they handing out  
This is what your man is about  
It's like peace and much love  
Trust and respect  
Your friends may have diamonds but they aint get that yet  
They may have the burghettes and cars and private jets  
But all they're really good for is sex

[Chorus]

We be hanging out late night at denys  
Having conversations about every and any  
Many people want what we got  
A relationship that just keeps getting hot like hip-hop  
You know I'm not the regular guy  
You know I can't be compared  
You know when the drama comes I ain't scared  
My name rings bells in the street  
You can say my name in any hood your protection is complete  
Thugs be right on their feet  
Saying "What, your man is Kris?"  
You don't worry miss

[Chorus]

But most of the time you're with me and the kids  
Mind at ease, chilling out at Chucky Cheese's  
These are my kids, I know what their need is  
I know what the doctor bill in school to which in fee is  
My daughter, I know who she is  
And all my sons know exactly what being free is

[Chorus]

No, you might not get the drop-top three  
But all your kids want to be like me  
Their father, and even when times is getting harder  
There's only one name you could trust, Kris Parker

[Chorus]

uhh  
send this out to you  
you and yours....word  
it's that time yo.....that's word

[Chorus]

